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The Manchester Journal.

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for guests April 1.
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for boarders or transient travel, and solicit a
share of the public patronage.
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Orders left at Colburn House will be promptly
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Factory Point, Vt., June 24, 1875. 5117

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manufacture of all kinds of

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at the old stand, and propose to make it for the
interest of persons who need goods in our line
to call.
We make our own Leather in the old-fashioned
way, and can sell it at the lowest prices.
We also make our own harnesses, and will take
great care in skinning.
Our harnesses are not worth tanning.
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LEATHER CEMENT,
The best thing out.

All the shoemakers in Manchester and Factory
Point have used it constantly for the past two
years and all confirmed it as the best thing
of the kind they have ever used, and that it
works like a charm.
PRICE: 10¢ per box; 17¢ per dozen; 20¢ per
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Shop 4 Doors North of the Bank Church
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The advertiser, an old physician, retired from
active practice, having had placed in his hands
by an East India Missionary the formula of a
Simple Vegetable Remedy, for the speedy and
permanent Cure of Consumption, Bronchitis,
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Manufacturers of
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Keep constantly on hand or build to order
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carriage stock constantly on hand for sale. Re-
pairing done on short notice and satisfaction
guaranteed. We have no material to enter a
carriage or sleigh that is not of the very best
quality, and are not less thoroughly tested.
THOMAS W. WHITMAN & GODDARD OFFICE.
Thanked for past patronage, we hope to merit a
continuance of the same by doing good work
at reasonable prices.
May 10, 1876. WHITMAN & GODDARD. 5117

TILDEN'S BOYHOOD.

[The following "interview" was sent
us by James G. Clark, the Lyric poet and
Balladist. We cannot vouch for the truth
of it but it is too good to be consigned to
the waste basket and as election is over
it cannot be construed into anything like
"partisan lie." Mr. Clark says he will
pay Manchester a visit next summer and
give us a concert. ED. JOURNAL.]

While musing, among the ruins of Ft.
George, I came across an elderly man
who had found a shady seat inside the
ancient earthworks, and was quietly
smoking a discolored clay pipe. The old
man and his pipe had evidently seen bet-
ter days, though not many better ones,
as the mercury indicated at least one-
hundred in the shade, and as he sat and
smoked in sad meditative silence, I took
a seat a short distance from his right
hand and opened conversation with him.
I remarked: "This is a romantic region, a
bit like George."

"I am sure that it is very romantic. My
reminiscence of it is sad when I am
here as it is in Troy."

I continued: "It seems too bad that
this old fort should go to ruin in this
way."

Yes, but that's the way of the world
nowadays. Old forts going to ruin, old
fellers going out of date, and the hill
country going to thunder.

You seem sad today. Do you live in
these parts?

Well, partly in these parts, but mostly
in other parts. The fact is I don't live
much of any where. I'm stayin' around
with my children. I've got a gal married
and living along Lake George, a boy in
Italy, and two more in Troy. I was
born in the town of New Lebanon,
Klumbly county, N. Y., on the seventh
day of March, 1814.

Then you must have known Samuel J.
Tilden?

O, yes, I knowed Sammy well. I'm just
four days older than he was, but he was too old
for me, once.

Oh, how did that happen?

Well, Sammy was a sly chap, and was
always gitten us boys into scrapes, and
then leavin' us to get out the best way we
could. Sometimes he would contrive to
get us ticked for what he was guilty of
himself, but we never could prove nothin'
agin him.

I remember how a neighbor of Sammy's
father had a big patch of musk melons
one year. They wuz called un-mug
musk melons because they looked like
a nutmeg, but wuz about as big as your
double fist, round as an apple, and sweet-
ner honey.

One day, uncle Ike, as the boys called
him, told us to come over into the gar-
den, and help ourselves, and Moses and
Sammy Tilden went with the rest on us.
After we had all we could eat, and was
on our way hom, Sammy suddenly spoke
up, and says he, Say boys, them wuz
nice melons; they wouldn't be bad to
take every day.

Yes, says Moses, but then the old man
won't be apt to invite us to eat any more,
for he can git ten cents apiece for 'em of
the visitors at Lebanon Springs, and he
can't afford to give 'em all away to us boys
for nothin'.

That's so, says Sammy, thought I like
Then he whistled a tune called American
Taxation; I reckon you've heered it,
bein' a singer yourself. You don't
know me, I guess I know James G. Clark
Then he sang last night, and we're
goin' agin' tonight. Then songs went
clear down to me toes. My Sal had
her handkercher morn' once, and when
you sung the Trundle Bed, she cried so
it wuz watter'n soap.

What, the Trundle bed?

No, no the handkercher.

All right, I understand now; but what
about Sammy and the musk melons.

Well, as I was sayin', Sammy whistled
that old tune, and then nothing wuz
said about the melons till we come to
a shady place, and all on us got down to
play marbles. After awhile Sam spoke
up in a lively way, and says he, say boys
it would be durn mean if anybody should
go to night and steal Uncle Ike's musk
melons, but I'm afraid they will, cause
you see the patch is ever so far from the
house, and Uncle Ike never keeps no dog
truther.

That's so, spoke up three or four of the
stealthiest little rips in the hull party, all
to once.

Then Sammy he sung:

I'll give a true relation,
Attend to what I say,
Constrainin' the taxaboo
Of North America.

Then he scythed, and says he: Say,
boys, this playin' marbles don't pay. We
can't make nothin' at it. I've been thakin'
in' how I'd like to go into the musk melon
bizniz. I think I can afford to give
three cents apiece for musk melons, just like
them at Uncle Ike's, and no questions
asked. If any of you boys has any to sell
to-night bring them around to dad's barn
after midnight, and your pay will be
ready. It's cool then, and I'd rather do
bizniz about 'even at night than in the
heat of the day.

That same night a lot of us boys went
to Uncle Ike's and borrowed two
bushels of his musk melons, and fetched
'em to Tilden's barn and sold 'em to
Sammy for three cents apiece, and Moses
took 'em to Lebanon Springs airly next
mornin', and got ten cents apiece, for 'em.
But Uncle Ike missed 'em afore noon,
and suspecting they had gone to the
Springs, went to look 'em up—and, sure
enough, there they were, in a back wood
shed, all in a heap, just as Moses had left
'em. Uncle Ike 'nowed 'em because he
had cut the first letter of his name onto
'em, and when he was told where they
come from, he drove over to Tilden's and
says he,—Good mornin', Mr. Tilden, I've
come on rather unpleasant business. Then
he coughed.

Take a cheer Uncle Ike, you seem ex-
cited—what's the matter? Hope you boys

haint been heavin' yer sisters—hope none
of your cattle or horse aint sick; hope
none of your folks is dead?

Matter enough, says Uncle Ike, some-
body's gone and hooked a slather of
my musk melons, and I've tracked 'em
to the springs, and they tell me they
bought them of you boys for ten cents a
piece.

Is that so? Said old Tilden. Well I'll
just call the boys. I larnt 'em to be kee-
ful about their reputations, and to never
do nothin' that will be discovered in a
way to sile their good names. My motto
is: Take care of yer name, and yer kar-
ter will startin take care of itself.

Then he goes out to the barn where
Moses and Sam was tryin' to cheat each
other tradin' fish-lies, and talked with
the boys in a low tone and went back in
the house.

When the boys came in, he says: Boys
Uncle Ike has lost a hull slew of them
musk melons, and has found them in the
springs, and they tell him that Moses
brought 'em there and sold 'em. What ye
got to say boys? If you've stole Uncle
Ike's melons I'll lick ye within an inch
of yer lives.

Gracious! You ought to see Sam! He
turned up that round, smilin', one-sided
face of his, and lookin' Uncle Ike
square in the face, said:

You're a nice old-uncle, to come here
and twit me an' Moses of stealin' yer go-
dermusk melons. Don't nobody
recks melons in this town but you! You
ought to be ashamed of yourself. I'd
like to see ye prove them melons to be
yours. If you can't prove 'em yours
what are ye a going to do about it then?

At first Uncle Ike was so took down by
Sammy's sass, that he began to see
sheepish like, and wuz about to beg the
family's forgiveness and go, when the
last misfortunate remark about provin'
properly riled him agin, and says he,
Sammy, stay on your horse just a minit,
perhap ye can bluff me and perhaps ye
can't. Perhaps you didn't know that I'd
cut the letter I in the seed-end of every
one in my garden, and could tell them in
Tophet, where you'll be most apt to get
a lick at sich fodder if you are lucky
enough to eat anything coolin as melons
in the future life.

Oh, says Sammy, then you know they
are yours. And, say, Uncle Ike, I'm
glad you wuz smart enough to cut the
first corner of yer last name onto them
musk melons. I think I know the chaps that
stole 'em told 'em on Sunday, arter they
had treated us so nice, that it would be
mean to steal them, but they didn't
mind what I said.

I'm ashamed of my next. I'm sorry I
is a boy, if the Lord spares my life I'd
never marry and run the risk of brinin'
more boys into the world, but I've de-
voted my life to exposin' sinners. I've been
in the melon bizniz a little and bought and
sold melons more or less, but who'd a
thought I wuz dickerin' with a lot of
theives? It makes my blood bile thikin'
of it. But it is lucky for you and the hull
country that them melons wuz sold to me.
It may be the means of breakin' in the
alfredist melon gang that ever cursed
the country. I kin spot every one of 'em
and bring them to justice, though I'll
take time and money, and I shall run
the risk of gettin' licked like thunder, for
they will be awful mad. But it is time
somebody began to bust these chaps. I
ain't afeard to go ahead if you ain't afeard
to follow.

Sammy, says old Tilden, I never wuz
so proud of you afore in all my born
days. I further you'd steal all the mel-
ons in the county of Klumbly than not
git a chance to be a reformer. You're the
stuff that Gus'ners and Pres'dents is
made out on. Bless ye, my boy.

Sammy, says Uncle Ike, with the tears
in his eyes, I'm glad sich a brave and
honest boy has took hold of this thing;
and if you'll tell me the names of the
boys that did the stealin' ye needn't pay
nuthin on the melons, and I'll go snucks
with ye on the money I git outen the
boys' hands.

Well, us boys all got an awful lickin',
and our fathers paid Uncle Ike three
times the worth of the prop'y to have it
hushed up. Sammy cleared about fifteen
dollars outen the entire consarn, and got
the name of bein' the bravest and honest-
est boy in the hull country, and was
mentioned in the minister's sermon the
next Sunday.

But (and here the old man shook his
head and knocked the ashes from his
pipe.) I don't know about sich doins.
I can't see why the big 'at' theif in the hull
lot should git paid and praised and all
his tools git licked and disgraced. That
is what bothers me. I souse he's got
over sich capers now. He's old enough
to do better anyhow.

I gave the old man a ticket to my con-
cert, and as I bade him good afternoon
and folded the paper on which I had
written this narrative, as it fell fresh and
quaint from his lips, he said:

Say, Mr. Clark, I see you've been writin'
somethin, but if ye print what I've tele
ye don't give my name for Sammy and
I wuz boys together, and I shall prob'ly
vote for him, as I have voted nothin but
the straight Democrat ticket, and it's too
late to change now.

If any of your readers desire the old
man's address, in confidence, I can send
it to them if they will mail me a stamp,
or a postal card, at Syracuse, N. Y.

JAMES G. CLARK.

The following is a dutchman's temper-
ance lecture: I sell tell you how I drink
mine lager; den I puts my hand on my
head and dere was one bain; den I puts
mine hand on my body and dere was an-
other bain; I puts my hand in mine pocket,
and dere was nodings. So I fine wuz
de demperance. Now dere is no bain in
mine head, and de bain in my body is all
gone away. I puts mine hand in mine
pocket and dere was twenty dollar. So
I will stay mid de demperance be-
leaves.

THE PERSON ADDRESSED MADE NO
response. If a force pump of forty-horse
power had been injecting hot blood into
his head it could not have felt worse.
He moved forward about two inches.

Please sir, I—I—I—this was as far
as he got, for his tongue seemed to be about
as thick as an Arctic over-shoe.

The party addressed did not seem to
move a muscle, but everything else was
swimming about promiscuously. Bugby
moistened his feverish lips with his
tongue and then began where he left off.
I love ye—

He could proceed no farther. If that
little word love had been a green apple
lodged in his throat, it could not have
come any nearer choking him. It stuck
there almost as solid as though it was a
lump of cold glue. He wished in his
heart that he hadn't undertaken the task,
but there was, and no power of him-
self to get away. He was about to speak
again when his heart gave such a thump
against his vest that it frightened the hat
off his head. Composing himself a little
he began at the beginning.

Please sir, I love your daughter, and—
This was about one third of what he
had to say, but it seemed far less, there
was so much remaining. It was now
getting to be quite dark. The old gen-
tleman's indifference made Bugby more
desperate, and he determined to finish
what he had to say come life or death.

Please sir, I love your daughter, and
wish to make her my wife. Do you
give your consent? and with the question
he rushed forward, and flung himself
down on his knees before the old gen-
tleman. Just then a gust of wind shook
the tree, and the old gentleman, which

HORNETS ON THE WAR PATH.

As the Missouri Pacific train was leav-
ing Mullers Landing, Monday night, a
gentleman came aboard carrying a stick,
to which was curiously attached a hor-
net's nest. He had found it in the woods
and it had the appearance of being ten-
antless. But when brought into the
warm atmosphere of the car and placed
near the stove, the heat soon awakened
its dormant life, and a low, humming
noise from the interior warned the fem-
bryo naturalist and his companions in
destined misery that the sorrow was
about to begin. A frantic effort to
throw the nest from the window released
the imprisoned insects, and the next
instant they swarmed through the car,
each individual hornet armed with fury
and savagely bent on the war path.

They struck right and left, and every-
where left in their trail a cry of agony.
Women shrieked and men vented curses
loud and deep. But the sorrow waxed
space and the misery increased. People
tumbled over seats and grovelled on the
floor of the car. One fat old lady took
a recumbent position, and sticking her
abnormally developed pedal extremities
straight up in the air, executed an evolu-
tion—that would have done credit to Sol-
diers' Kicker. Polonaises were torn and
thrown in promiscuous confusion, and
slaps and extremities were exposed in a
frantic search for hornets that had ven-
tured in directions which they hadn't
thought of.

Half-headed men mopped their
shining pates in agony and—den the
fool who had turned that happy car into
a carnival of pain. Rushing to the rescue
of his beleaguered passengers, the Con-
ductor King was met on the threshold with
such warm reception that his inquiry,
What the devil may not have been so far
wrong after all. But the conductor
only clasped his lips with both hands and
commenced an Indian war-dance in per-
fect keeping with the conduct of his pas-
sengers. He seemingly lost all anxiety
to inquire any further, or if his curiosity
was not appeased he prudently refrained
from expressing it. Finally the door
and windows were thrown open and the
hornets began to leave the car. In a
little while only a few stray ones were
left, and these the passengers kindly re-
fained from hurrying, but allowed to
take their time, which everything con-
sidered, was magnanimous on the part
of the people who had undergone so much
discomfort on account of the intrusion of
the hornets.

ASKING PA.

However much nerve a young man
must possess before he can ask a lady to
become his wife, it certainly requires
more for him to work himself up to that
pitch where he can unblushingly ask her
father for his consent in the matter.
Some girls are willing to help their lover
out when they get so far along in the
courtship as this, while others are too
timid to even mention the subject in the
old gentleman's presence. Young Bug-
by's girl was of this turn of mind. She
had declared her love for him and had
promised to become his bride, but first
he must ask her pa.

The roses came and faded and died;
the fall with its dead leaves and bull-
frogs, passed away a number of times
before Bugby could make up his mind to
look his father-in-law to be, square in
the face and say, "are you willing?" One
Sunday night, last summer, Bugby was
drawing near the abode of his affianced,
when he saw her father seated under a
cherry tree in the yard. What better
opportunity would ever present itself?

He thought to himself, none. He turned
about and walked around the square
just as a man who has a tooth to be ex-
tracted will walk rapidly by the dentist's
a number of times before he ventures in.
Bugby's head grew first hot then cold,
as he thought of the fearful undertaking
before him. He reached the garden gate
and entered. He had passed through the
gate many times before, but he never felt
as he did now. Nor was the feeling im-
aginary, it was terribly real. With a
trembling step and a quivering brain he
approached to within ten feet of where the
old gentleman was seated and gasped:

Please sir—

The person addressed made no re-
sponse. If a force pump of forty-horse
power had been injecting hot blood into
his head it could not have felt worse.
He moved forward about two inches.

Please sir, I—I—I—this was as far
as he got, for his tongue seemed to be about
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lump of cold glue. He wished in his
heart that he hadn't undertaken the task,
but there was, and no power of him-
self to get away. He was about to speak
again when his heart gave such a thump
against his vest that it frightened the hat
off his head. Composing himself a little
he began at the beginning.

Please sir, I love your daughter, and—
This was about one third of what he
had to say, but it seemed far less, there
was so much remaining. It was now
getting to be quite dark. The old gen-
tleman's indifference made Bugby more
desperate, and he determined to finish
what he had to say come life or death.

Please sir, I love your daughter, and
wish to make her my wife. Do you
give your consent? and with the question
he rushed forward, and flung himself
down on his knees before the old gen-
tleman. Just then a gust of wind shook
the tree, and the old gentleman, which

proved to be a scarecrow placed there
to frighten away the robbers, fell over
on Bugby and tipped him into the mud.
Bugby is still unmarried.

A SCHOOL BOY ON CORNS.

Corns are of two kinds—vegetable and
animal. Vegetable corn grows in rows,
and animal corn grows on toes. There
are several kinds of corn; there is the
cornucopia, capricorn, corn dodgers, field
corn, and the corn, which is the corn you
feel most. It is said, I believe, that go-
phers like corn, but persons having corn
do not like to "go for," if they can help
it. Corns have kernels, and some corns
have ears. Vegetable corn grows on
ears, but animal corn grows on the feet
at the other end of the body. Another
kind of corn is the acorn; these grow on
oaks, but there is no